THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 12, 1803.

A COCKNEY's ACCOUNT *of the* FIRST *of* SEPTEMBER.

HAVING ſat up all night to be ready and freſh in the morning, four of us met at the Obeliſk, in St. George's Fields, from whence we proceeded with our dogs, arms, and ammunition, to Lambeth Marſh, where we expected to have great ſport, but found nothing except a cat, which we all fired at; but being only four in number, and a cat having nine lives, we miſſed killing her, though, as we believe, ſhe was ſeverely wounded. In this diſcharge, we broke a bell glaſs in a gardener's ground, ſo that fearing we might, on that account, be taken up for poachers, we made the beſt of our way to Tothill-fields; here we reloaded our pieces, and gave our dogs a piece of bread each, but the fox-dog would not eat his. We then proceeded to look about for ſport, when two Weſtminſter boys claimed the place as their manor, and drove us out of it.

We now beat all about Jenny's Whim, and ſeeing ſomething ſwimming acroſs the water, which a waterman's boy told us was a dab-chick, we all fired, but without ſucceſs, but the terrier caught it as it ran up the bank, and it proved to be the largeſt rat we had ever ſeen.

As we paſſed through the Five Fields, Chelſea, we ſaw ſeveral pigeons, but they flew ſo faſt, that none of us could take aim.

On the other ſide of Batterſea Bridge met two men driving geeſe; offered them eighteen-pence, which they accepted, for a ſhot at the flock at twenty yards. Drew lots who ſhould fire firſt. It fell to Billy Candlewick's chance, who, from his father belonging many years ago to one of the regiments of the city militia, knew ſomething of taking aim.

The gooſe-driver ſtepped the ground, and Billy took aim for above ten minutes, when ſhutting both his eyes, left the pan might flaſh in his ſight, he ſnapped and miſſed fire. He took aim a ſecond time, ſnapped and miſſed again. Borrowed Bob Tape's ſciſſars, and hammered the flint; ſnapped and miſſed fire a third time; thought the devil had got hold of the gun, examined her, found ſhe was neither loaded nor primed. The gooſe-driver refuſed to let Billy try again, ſo we gave him another ſixpence, and he ſold us a lame gander, which we placed at about ſix yards, and taking a ſhot a piece at him, killed him, and put him in Ned Thimble's cabbage-net.

Paſſed over Clapham Common, where we ſaw ſeveral parties, but would not interfere with their ſport.

In our way to Stockwell, Ned Simple fired at a pigeon, which was perched on the top of a tree, and ſhot a man's hat and wig off who ſtood under it. As we thought he might be killed, we ſet off as hard as we could run, but were purſued and overtaken by two gardeners, who inſiſted upon being paid two ſhillings for deſtroying a ſcare-crow. We paid the money very readily, and kept our council.

We now beat every buſh with the muzzle of our guns, ſet the dogs on the pigs, and found but one chaffinch, which was rather wild, not letting us come within eight yards, ſo that we could not make ſure of our bird. We hunted him from ſpray to ſpray for above an hour, without being able to get in a parallel line, ſo as to take ſure aim, when at laſt he was killed by a little boy, who knocked him down with a ſtone. Bought him, and put him into the net with the gooſe.

After much difficulties and but little ſport, got by the direction of ſome gypſies into the Greenwich road, where, being rather fatigued, we ſtopped at the half-way houſe, until a coach came by, when mounting the roof and the box, we were conveyed near Blackheath, to our unſpeakable joy. Never ſaw the heath before; amazed at the number of furze buſhes, and the wide extent there is for game. Had an excellent chace after a jack-aſs, when the maſtiff tore his leg. Kept cloſe together for fear of loſing each other.

Got down near a large round houſe, ſhot at a flock of ſparrows, and killed one, which we think is a cock, his head being rather black. Saw ſeveral brother ſportſmen out, who had killed nothing but a hedge-hog, and a tame jack-daw, which belonged to a public-houſe at New-croſs turnpike.

Saw ſome black game flying very high. They looked for all the world like crows. The terrier came to a point at a thick bunch of fern. We were now ſure this muſt be a covey of partridges, and we prepared accordingly. The maſtiff ran in, and brought out one of the young ones. It proved to be a neſt

of

of graſs mice; took every one, and put them into the bolſter. Graſs mice were better than nothing.

We went into a cow-houſe, near Bermondſey Spa, to get ſome milk for the dogs, and laying down upon an heap of ſtraw, we all fell faſt aſleep. We were awakened by the entrance of a cow and calf, when we found that we had been robbed of our dogs and our guns.

We went into a public-houſe to conſole ourſelves for the loſs, where we ſtayed till it was dark, that we might not be ſeen returning in ſuch an unſportſman-like manner. Agreed on the way what ſtories we ſhould tell about the day's amuſement and ſucceſs; parted at the Monument, and went to our reſpective homes.

Mr. Juſtice Hardinge's Charge at Cardiff, Auguſt 22, 1803.

Printed and publiſhed at the requeſt of thoſe to whom it was addreſſed; a requeſt which they delivered in open Court, Auguſt 23d.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRAND JURY,

WHEN I contemplate the general fertility of your ſoil, and the unexampled return of its preſent harveſt, I cannot forbear to exclaim, in the words of the Roman poet, (ſtripping them of their poetical habit, and retaining the ſentiment unimpaired)

" Shall an impious army take poſſeſſion of land ſo cultivated?
" Shall a barbarian be the reaper of this corn?
" See, for whom we have ſown our fields!"

Here the poet has left us—but we can fill up the canvas, and we can give the anſwer to his queſtions.

For whom! are we aſked? Hiſtory will tell us, and put her ſeal upon it. For thoſe who will tear from your peaſants, under the maſk of tribute, or ſubſidy, the indefinite claims of unbounded avarice; will riffle their cottages—and, when plunder has been ſatiated, will ſet them on fire, commit outrages upon their daughters, and their matrons, too ſhocking to be named—ſet their foot upon age, and pollute, with ſavage inſult, all the decencies of life.

I give you this picture, to anticipate your abhorrence of the features; and your determination, that with enemies like theſe, you will hear of no compromiſe, till every muſket, ſword, and pike, ſhall be wreſted from thoſe gallant volunteers (the hardy and ſpirited birthright of your ſoil) whom you are in the act of

arming for the defence of all that is dear and ſacred in human life.

Turning from your lands to your manufactures, and your commerce, I feel no leſs indignation at the humiliating image of mercantile inſtruction to a victorious tyrant, by the ſurrender of your implements, and proſtitution of the artificers.

When I explore, and with grateful reſpect, the diverſities of religious opinion, which have ſeparated, but without enmity, our proteſtant faith, in this part of the world, into churchmen, diſſenters, and other ſectaries, competitors in zeal for their God and their king, and I ſhudder at the exchange of that noble independence, upon ſo critical a ſubject, for his religion, who was an atheiſt at Paris; at Rome, a papiſt; in Egypt, a mahometan; a military pope at Paris again; a Jew in that ſynagogue, whoſe imprecations againſt this iſland, he has gratefully accepted: and a kind of demi-god at the city gates upon the coaſt, which have told him, "that after he was created, providence became ſuperfluous!"

When I look at the old families of this country, I am too proud in them to endure the idea, that birth, like their's, can be ever bound in chains to a foreign deſpotiſm, or can ever grace the wheel of its triumph here.

When I look at new men whom I revere no leſs, and whoſe talents, or labours, have inveſted them with claims upon the ſoil, as well as the market; I call upon them to ſuſtain their double intereſt, with undivided energy and ſpirit.

You have an extent of coaſt which expoſes you in a peculiar degree to the invader's attempt; but I am confident that he will not find one inch of that coaſt unfortified. I am not pointing at thoſe barriers of military art upon which intelligent officers may have differed: but my alluſion is to the forts and the redoubts of Britiſh valour, erected in the ſhape of that valour alone, by men who determined to be the laſt of the conquered, and who are ſworn by a tacit oath to refuſe a gift ſo deſpicable as that of life, at the expence of liberty and of honour.

I have been much gratified in reading your addreſs to the king. It was prepared (as I am told) by a gentleman, who does this court the honour to be one of its officers—your preſent high ſheriff. It is, in my conception of it, moſt eloquent, animated, and conſtitutional. It reflects the higheſt honour upon the pen, by which it was framed, and upon the ſenſe of the county, by which it was adopted into their ſignature.

I approve and commend your determination to raiſe the military complement of your volunteers, required by the law, to exempt you from its compulſory meaſures.

As to a ſubſcription for the general purpoſes of countenance and ſupply to this national object, and for ſpecial exigencies that may bear upon it (whether contemplated or unforeſeen), you

are

are the beſt judges of all ſuch arrangements, and it would be impertinence in me to offer advice. But with every due ſubmiſſion to your better means of knowledge, I cannot help ſuggeſting, whether it may not be deemed eligible, that a general fund ſhould be put into honourable hands, for the ſupport of the cauſe; and that a more ſpecial one ſhould be appropriated for the purpoſe of relief to the widows and children of thoſe, born in this country, who die in the field; of relief to the wounded, and their families, or of encouragement and recompence to extraordinary merits and ſervices—an expedient adopted in Weſtmoreland, by the ſagacious and ſpirited mind of your dioceſan, the biſhop of Llandaff—my view of it is, that of conſidering it as an additional ſpur to the volunteers.

We are all ſpeculators and politicians at a moment like this, on the ſubject of that coaſt which the invader is moſt likely to ſelect. It appears to me the ſafeſt conjecture, that his firſt impreſſion will be upon the ſiſter iſland.

But there he will find an impregnable fortreſs in the memory of that recent outrage, which robbed an able and virtuous magiſtrate of life.

The ways of providence in this world are too myſterious to be fathomed by the human intellect, but we know they are, becauſe they muſt be, wiſe and good. Hiſtory will tell us, that viſitations upon the innocent and meritorious, are often approved, in their effect, bleſſings of incalculable utility. The ſword that was dipped in Lucretia's blood, gave Rome its liberty. The maſſacre of the hugonots at Paris, gave new energy to our proteſtant faith in all parts of the world.

The judicial murder of Sydney, and " Jeffries' campaign," gave us the revolution. The infernal outrage of that night in Dublin will be an army of champions againſt the foe, who was baſe enough to co-operate in the aſſaſſin's work.

Where, gentlemen, is my calendar!—It is not in my hand; it is a perfect blank.—There is not one priſoner for trial. It is another and ſignal proof, in which your merit is a moſt brilliant proof of the evidence, that our conſtitution, which is the envy of the world, has the charm, (for I can give it no other name) of reconciling political independence with legal morality, and the diſcipline of exemplary obedience to legitimate government, with high ſpirit, no leſs exemplary, when the national voice of honour calls it forth.

EDWARD WATKINSON.

[From Buchan's Duty of Mothers.]

EDWARD WATKINSON was the only ſon of a country clergyman, of amiable manners and ſound learning, but of a recluſe

a recluſe turn of mind. The mother was the daughter of a London tradeſman, and had been educated with extreme delicacy. She naturally purſued the ſame lime of conduct towards her own child; and her fond huſband was too much under the influence of the like fatal weakneſs. Many a child is ſpoiled by the indulgence of one parent: in the caſe now before us, both concurred to produce that enervating effect.

For ſome time after his birth, Maſter Neddy was reckoned a promiſing boy. When I firſt ſaw him, he was about eighteen years of age; but, to judge by his look, one would have ſuppoſed him to be at leaſt eighty. His face was long, pale, and deeply furrowed with wrinkles; his eyes were ſunk in their ſockets, his teeth quite decayed, his noſe and chin almoſt touched each other, his breaſt narrow and prominent, his body twiſted, his legs like ſpindles, his hands and fingers approaching nearly to the form of a bird's claw; in ſhort, his whole figure exhibited the truly pitiable appearance of a very old man, ſinking under the weight of years and infirmities into the grave.

It was at Midſummer I paid my firſt viſit. I then found him wrapped up in clothing ſufficient for the rigours of a Lapland winter, and ſo cloſely muffled that one could hardly ſee the tip of his noſe. He wore ſeveral pair of ſtockings: his gloves were double, and reached his elbows; and, to complete the abſurdity of his dreſs, he was tightly laced in ſtays. Though armed in this manner at all points, he ſeldom peeped out of doors except in the dog-days, and then ventured no farther than the church, which was only forty paces from his father's houſe. I believe this was the moſt diſtant excurſion he ever made; and the extraordinary attempt was always accompanied with peculiar care, and many additional preſervatives from cold.

The eye of his parents might be truly ſaid to watch over him not only by day, but by night alſo, as he ſlept in the ſame bed with them, having never been permitted to lie alone, leſt he ſhould throw the clothes off, or feel the want of any immediate aſſiſtance. It did not once occur to his father or mother, that all the inconveniences which they ſo much dreaded, could not be half ſo injurious as the relaxing atmoſphere of a warm bed, ſurrounded by cloſe curtains, and impregnated with the noxious effluvia from their lungs and bodies.

His food and his drink were of the weakeſt quality, always adminiſtered warm, and by weight and meaſure. When I recommended a more nouriſhing diet, and a little generous wine, I was told that the ſtrongeſt thing Maſter Neddy had ever taken was chicken water, and that they durſt not venture on wine or animal food for fear of a fever. Thus was the poor lad reduced to a mere ſkeleton, through the ſilly apprehenſion of a diſeaſe, of which he was not ſuſceptible. Nature was in him too weak to ſpread a hectic flush even for a moment over his countenance,

which had acquired the colour of a parboiled chicken. All his vital powers were languid; and even his ſpeech reſembled the ſqueaking of a bird, more than the voice of a man.

When I ſpoke of exerciſe, I was told he took a walk every fine day in the hall, and that was deemed ſufficient for one of his delicate conſtitution. I mentioned a horſe; the mother was frightened at the very name of ſo dangerous an animal. On telling her, that I owed the firmneſs and vigour of my own conſtitution to riding every day, ſhe began to think there might be ſomething ſpecific in it; and ſhe therefore conſented to the purchaſe of a little horſe. But tame as the creature was, it did not quiet the mother's alarms. Maſter Neddy, though placed upon the poney's back, was not entruſted with the reins. Theſe were given in charge to a maid-ſervant, who led the horſe round the orchard, while the cautious rider faſtened both hands on the pommel of the ſaddle; and the father walking on one ſide, and the mother on the other, held him faſt by the legs, leſt he might be brought to the ground by any ſudden ſtart of his high-mettled racer. This exhibition was too ridiculous not to excite the laughter of the neighbours, which ſoon put an end to Maſter Neddy's equeſtrian exerciſe.

The timidity of a youth thus brought up is more eaſily conceived than deſcribed. Fearful of every thing, he would run from the moſt inoffenſive animal, as if he had been purſued by a lion or a tiger. His weakneſs in this reſpect being known to the village boys, it was a common practice with them, whenever they ſaw him peeping through his father's gate, to frighten him into the houſe by calling to the pigs to bite him. This ſportive alarm had the ſame effect as the ſudden ruſh of a mad bullock.

With ſuch exceſſive weakneſs both of mind and body, Maſter Neddy had ſome good points about him. His parents repreſented him as a perfect model of morality; and I had no right to doubt the truth of their repreſentation, though I did not quite ſo much credit it on that ſcore, as becauſe he did not poſſeſs ſufficient force of conſtitution to be capable of any kind of vice. But I viewed with mixed emotions of admiration and pity, ſome proofs of learning and abilities which he left behind him. I was the more ſurpriſed, as the inceſſant care beſtowed on his perſon ſeemed to leave very little time for any mental acquirements.

Improper food, tight or oppreſſive clothing, and want of freſh air and exerciſe, have in their turn proved deſtructive to thouſands. This young man fell a victim to them all; and it would have been a miracle indeed, had he ſurvived their combined influence. He died without a groan, or any mark of diſeaſe except premature old age, the machine being fairly worn out before he completed his twenty-firſt year. His death proved fatal

to

to both his parents, whoſe lives were cloſely bound up in that of the lad.

The father perceived his own error, but not before it was too late. On reading my inaugural diſſertation, which was then publiſhed in Latin, under the title already mentioned, he ſent for me, and begged I would endeavour to ſave his ſon. The youth, alas! was for beyond the reach of my moſt zealous efforts: I could only witneſs the certainty of his fate. Medicine was of as little uſe to him, as conſolation to his afflicted parents. The bitterneſs of their grief was increaſed by ſelf-reproach; and friendſhip exerted her ſoothing voice in vain. The father on his death-bed conjured me to tranſlate my diſſertation into Engliſh, as he thought it might be of infinite ſervice to mankind. My compliance with his requeſt gave riſe to the "Domeſtic Medicine," of which that eſſay on the means of preſerving the lives of children, conſtitutes the firſt, and, in my opinion, the beſt chapter.

The above relation may to ſome appear romantic; but did I ſuppoſe any one capable of queſtioning my veracity, I could name ſeveral perſons of the firſt reſpectability, who know, that, ſo far from its being heightened, it falls ſhort of the truth. Indeed I might go farther, and aſſert, from my own too frequent obſervation, that a Maſter Neddy is not ſo ſingular a phenomenon in many other families, and that the evils of parental folly are much oftener entailed upon favourite heirs, than the power of fully enjoying the eſtates which deſcend to them.

The MISERLY BUTCHER.

A Few weeks ſince died, in Clifford's-paſſage, Clare-market, Thomas Pett, a noted miſer. He was a native of Warwickſhire; and at the age of ten years, came to London, with a ſolitary ſhilling in his pocket. As he had neither friends nor relations in the capital, he was indebted to the humanity of an old woman that ſold pies for a morſel of bread, till he could procure himſelf a living. In the courſe of a few days he was engaged as an errand boy by a tallow-chandler. His miſtreſs, a lady of London mould, however, could not reconcile herſelf to his ruſtic manners and awkward gait, ſo ſhe diſmiſſed him one cold winter's evening with this obſervation, "Your maſter hired you in my abſence, and I'll pack you off in his."

The good huſband, however, did not deſert Tom. He found him out, and bound him apprentice to a butcher, in the borough of Southwark. He behaved ſo well during his apprenticeſhip, that his maſter recommended him, when he was out of his time, to a brother of the cleaver, in Clare-market, as a journeyman.

Tom's maxim was, that honeſty was not the ſhorteſt road to wealth, but that it was the ſureſt. For the firſt five years he was engaged at twenty-five pounds a year, meat and drink. The accumulation of money and the abridgment of expence were the two ſole objects of his thoughts. His expences were reduced to theſe three heads: lodging, cloathing, and waſhing. As to the firſt he fixed on a back room on the ſecond floor, with one window that occaſionally admitted a ſtraggling ſun-beam. As to dreſs, every article was ſecond hand; nor was he choice in the colour or quality, jocoſely obſerving, when he was ridiculed on his garb, that, according to Solomon, there was nothing new under the ſun; and that as to colour, it was a mere matter of fancy; and that that was the beſt which ſtuck longeſt to its integrity. Then, as to waſhing, he uſed to ſay that a man did not deſerve a ſhirt that would not waſh it himſelf; and that the only fault he found with Lord North was the duty he impoſed on ſoap. There was one expence, however, that lay heavy on his mind, and always robbed him of a night's ſleep, and that was ſhaving. He often lamented that he had not learned to ſhave himſelf; he uſed to conſole himſelf, however, by hoping that beards would one day be in faſhion, and that even the Bond-ſtreet loungers would be driven to wear artificial ones. He made a promiſe one night when he was very thirſty, that as ſoon as he had accumulated a thouſand pounds, he would treat himſelf with a pint of beer every Saturday. Fortune ſoon put it in his power to perform this promiſe, and he continued to obſerve it till the additional duty was laid on porter. He then ſunk to half a pint, as he thought that ſufficient for any man that did not wiſh to get drunk, and of courſe die in a workhouſe.

If he heard of an auction in the neighbourhood, he was ſure to run for a catalogue, and when he had collected a number together, he uſed to ſell them for waſte paper. When he was firſt told that the bank was reſtricted from paying in ſpecie, he ſhook loudly, (as Klopſtock the poet ſays), took to his bed, and could not be prevailed on to taſte a morſel, or wet his lips, till he was aſſured that all was right.

On Sundays, after dinner, he uſed to lock himſelf up in his room, and amuſe himſelf with reading an old newſpaper, or writing rhymes, many of which he left behind him, on ſlips of paper. The following will ſerve as a ſpecimen of his talents in the rhythmical line:

ON HEARING THAT SMALL BEER WAS RAISED:

" They've raiſed the price of table-drink,
" What is the reaſon do you think?
" The tax on malt, the cauſe, I hear!
" But what has malt to do with table-beer?"

He was never known, even in the depth of the coldeſt winter, to kindle a fire in his room, or to go to bed by candle-light. He was a great friend to good cheer at the expence of another. Every man, ſaid he, ought to eat when he can get it. An empty ſack can't ſtand. If he ventured into a public-houſe, he always ſat in the darkeſt corner of the room, and never opened his lips, unleſs Bonaparte happened to be mentioned, or a pariſh dinner, then indeed he would launch out in praiſe of roaſt beef and plumb-pudding, as the ſtaple diſhes of every Briton's board. Sometimes he would ſay a few words againſt the vile ſin of gluttony, but it was always with a full belly. He was very civil to the fair ſex, eſpecially his cuſtomers, but it is ſuppoſed by thoſe who had the beſt opportunity of knowing him, that he never thought of matrimony. For the laſt ten years of his life he lived with Mrs. Addiſon and ſon, at a ſalary of forty pounds a year, meat and drink included. In his manners he was extremely inoffenſive, and honeſt in all his dealings.

So much for the life of Thomas Pett, who lived forty-two years as a journeyman butcher in Clare-market, thirty of which he reſided in one room, which was never brightened up with coal or candle-light till about ſix days before his death. In all that period he was never known to treat an acquaintance with a glaſs of liquor; to run one penny in debt; to lend or borrow a ſhilling; or to ſpeak ill of any perſon. For the ſpace of twenty years he uſed to ſay that his pulſe roſe and fell with the funds; and that gold was the clouded cane of youth, and the crutch of old age. In his illneſs he was adviſed to make his will, which at length he reluctantly aſſented to; and when he had ſigned his name, he obſerved with a ſigh, that it was a pity a man ſhould ſign away his property with his own hand, which he had been ſcraping together all his life. He left 2475l. in the three per cents. to a number of diſtant relations; and lamented, with his laſt breath, that he did not live to make it the round ſum of three thouſand pounds.

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 197.)

THE chiefs of the union, ſeeing its force declining, and in danger of being deſtroyed by the vigorous meaſures of government, appointed to commence on the 23d of May, without waiting for French auxiliaries, leſt, before that aid ſhould arrive, their ſyſtem ſhould be ſo diſorganized as to be incapable of any promiſing effort. Among the precautions taken on this occaſion by the members of government, who were fully informed of the intended revolt, was the augmentation of the

ſeveral

ſeveral companies of armed yeomen, by the addition of ſupplementary men, moſtly infantry, and without uniform. Theſe yeomen had begun to be embodied in October, in the year 1796, in a kind of independent companies, each compoſed commonly of about fifty men, moſtly cavalry, with a much ſmaller body of infantry attached to them, and each generally commanded by a captain and two lieutenants. The infantry were armed like thoſe of the regular army, but the cavalry were furniſhed with only one piſtol and a ſword each, excepting a few who had carbines.

A neceſſary precaution was the arreſting of ſeveral principals of the conſpiracy. Among the perſons apprehended at this critical time, was Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who had eſcaped the arreſt made at Oliver Bond's houſe, on the 12th of the preceding March. This gentleman had ſerved in his majeſty's army, where he had been highly eſteemed for his courage and military conduct, his honour, humanity, and candour; but becauſe he avowed his approbation of the revolution in France, his name was expunged from the military liſt, as a perſon unworthy to bear a commiſſion in the Britiſh army. Perhaps his expreſſions were ſtronger than propriety admitted; and, perhaps, on the other hand, this procedure of adminiſtration was imprudent, ſince it was nearly followed by diſaſtrous conſequences, and ſince on men of candour and frankneſs, dependance can be much more ſafely placed, than on thoſe who expreſs unqualified approbation of the ruling party—ſuch men being generally ready to act the ſame part on the oppoſite ſide, with change of circumſtances.

Lord Edward, who was brother to the duke of Leinſter, and married to a French lady of the royal blood of the Capets, a daughter of the laſt duke of Orleans, was eminently qualified for the excitement and direction of revolutionary commotions, being a man of daring courage, a moſt active ſpirit, conſiderable abilities of mind, and of a family highly reſpected for its antient greatneſs by the lower claſſes of the Iriſh. In conſequence of a proclamation iſſued on the 11th of May, accompanied with a promiſe of a thouſand pounds reward for his apprehenſion, he was ſeized on the 19th, in the houſe of Nicholas Murphy, a merchant in Thomas-ſtreet, Dublin, by William Bellingham Swan, a moſt active magiſtrate, Town-major Sirr, and Captain Ryan, a yeoman officer, a gentleman poſſeſſed of great courage; but his lordſhip made ſo deſperate a defence, with no other arms than a dagger, that Swan was wounded, and Ryan died of his wounds eleven days after. Lord Edward himſelf expired in great agony on the 3d of the following month, from the effects of this furious conflict, as he had been wounded in the ſhoulder by the ſhot of a piſtol from Major Sirr.

On the 19th and 21ſt of May ſeveral other arreſts were made, and among the arreſted were Henry and John Sheares, brothers, natives of Cork, men of great abilities, and lawyers, who had made a viſit to Paris in 1792, where they had imbibed very deeply revolutionary ideas; had, on their return to Ireland, been active in the united conſpiracy, and had, as we have good reaſon to believe, at laſt been raiſed to the fatal eminence of the directorial committee. From a belief of his being an United Iriſhmen—a belief doubtleſs impreſſed by ſome dextrous management on his part, and the hope of his co-operation in the buſineſs—they confided the ſecret of the time and plan of the inſurrection to Captain Armſtrong, of the King's County militia, who had procured an introduction to them through the medium of Patrick Byrne, bookſeller, of Grafton-ſtreet, Dublin. The intelligence occaſionally received by this officer, who had procured his introduction for the ſervice of government, was regularly conveyed to the lord lieutenant. In the houſe of Henry Sheares, at the time of his arreſt, and in the handwriting of John, was found a manifeſto evidently intended for publication after the capital ſhould be in poſſeſſion of the conſpirators. In this were expreſſed very ſanguinary ſentiments.

By ſuch arreſts, and other precautions, the plan of inſurrection was fruſtrated, which was to commence on the night of the 23d of May, by an attack on the army encamped at Lehaunſtown, or Laughlinſton, ſeven miles ſouth of Dublin; an attack on the artillery ſtationed at Chapelizod, two miles weſt of the ſame; an attack on the caſtle, and other parts of the metropolis, as ſoon as the news of the two former aſſaults ſhould reach the city, in all which the counties of Dublin, Wicklow, and Kildare were to co-operate; and the deſtruction or detention of the mail-coaches on the north and ſouth roads, which was to ſerve as a ſignal of inſurrection to the reſt of the kingdom. The plot had been announced late in the evening of the 21ſt, by a letter from the ſecretary of the lord lieutenant to Thomas Fleming, the lord mayor of Dublin, and on the 22d by a meſſage from the lord lieutenant to both houſes of parliament; and to prevent its execution, the troops of the line, militia, and yeomanry, were diſpoſed under arms in what were ſuppoſed to be the moſt advantageous poſitions. By a variety of precautions the capital was reſtrained in tranquillity; but in the neighbouring counties, notwithſtanding the diſorganization of the confederacy by the various operations of government, the appointment was obſerved by conſiderable numbers; the mail-coaches on the northern, weſtern, and ſouthern roads were deſtroyed; the firſt at Santry, three miles from Dublin; the ſecond between Lucan and Leixip, eight miles from the ſame; and the third near Naas, fifteen miles from the capital; inſurgents aſſembled in many places; and in that night and the following day ſeveral ſkirmiſhes were fought,

and

and the towns of Naas, Claine, Proſperous, Ballymore-Euſtace, and Kilcullen were attacked; as were alſo, in the next ſucceeding night and day, thoſe of Carlow, Hacketſtown, and Monaſterevan.

Among the ſkirmiſhes of the recent inſurrection were thoſe which took place near Rathfarnham, Tallagh, Lucan, Luſk, Dunboyne, Barretſtown, Collon, and Baltinglaſs. In all theſe petty actions, except thoſe near Dunboyne and Barretſtown, and in all the attacks of towns, except that of Proſperous, the inſurgents were defeated, though Kilcullen was abandoned to them after their defeat. In theſe and other conflicts in the courſe of the rebellion, the number of the killed and wounded of the rebels is extremely uncertain, and almoſt always vaſtly exaggerated in the public prints. The action near Dunboyne, eight miles from Dublin, in the county of Meath, was the ſurpriſe of a ſmall body of the regiment of Reay fencibles by a body of rebels, who ſeized the baggage of two companies of the king's troops, eſcorted by the above party; and that near Barretſtown was alſo a ſurpriſe of a ſmall body of the Suffolk fencibles, who loſt all their baggage in their march to Kildare. The engagement in the neighbourhood of Baltinglaſs, twenty-nine miles from Dublin, ſouthward, was one of the moſt conſiderable of the ſkirmiſhes which happened at this time. A body of at leaſt four or five hundred inſurgents were on the 24th, at one o'clock, attacked in the town of Stratford-upon-Slaney, near Baltinglaſs, on one ſide by a ſmall body of troops compoſed of thirty of the Antrim militia, under Lieutenant Macauley, and twenty of the ninth dragoons, under Cornet Love; and on the other by a party of yeomen, commanded by Captain Stratford. By this double attack they were totally routed, with the ſlaughter perhaps of near a hundred; while of the loyaliſts none were killed, but ſeveral wounded.

The attack of Proſperous, a ſmall town in the county of Kildare, intended for a ſeat of cotton manufactures, ſeventeen miles diſtant from Dublin, was made an hour after midnight, on the night of the 23d, or morning of the 24th, by a large body of men, ſuppoſed to be conducted by John Eſmond, a Romiſh gentleman, firſt lieutenant of a troop of yeomen cavalry. The ſmall garriſon was aſſailed by ſurpriſe. The barrack was fired, and twenty-eight of the city of Cork militia, with their commander, Captain Swayne, periſhed in the flames, and by the pikes of the enemy. Nine men alſo of a Welch regiment of cavalry, ſtiled ancient Britons, were ſlaughtered in the houſes where they had been billetted, and five were made priſoners. Many of the perpetrators of this atrocious butchery were, by the trembling loyaliſt inhabitants, recognized to be the ſame who on the preceding day had ſurrendered to Captain Swayne, and, in the preſence of a Romiſh prieſt, had expreſſed the deepeſt contrition for having engaged in the conſpiracy of United

United Iriſh, and made moſt ſolemn promiſes of future loyalty —a melancholy inſtance of diſſimulation, practiſed elſewhere in ſimilar circumſtances! Here, as in all other places where the inſurgents had ſucceſs, in the early part of the rebellion, while their hopes were high, a tumultuous and frantic exultation took place, with congratulations of Naas and Dublin being in the poſſeſſion of their aſſociates; the conveyance of ſuch falſe intelligence, to inſpirit their followers, being a part of the policy almoſt conſtantly practiſed by the leaders of the revolt. Loud ſhouts were heard, eſpecially from a multitude of women, who always followed the men on ſuch occaſions, of " down with the orangemen!" and, which marked the object of inſurrection at its very commencement in the minds of the common people, " down with the heretics!" They accordingly murdered with deliberate ceremony, and mangled their bodies in a horrid manner, two gentlemen of the names of Stamer and Brewer, and an old man who had been ſerjeant in the king's army. That a ſlaughter of the remaining proteſtant inhabitants would have been perpetrated, is highly probable, if it had not been prevented by the approach of a body of troops, through fear of whom the rebels fled. Richard Griffith, Eſq. with part of his troop of yeomen cavalry, and forty of the Armagh militia, who had repulſed the aſſailants at Claine, purſued them almoſt to Proſperous, three miles diſtant, which cauſed much terror to the rebels in poſſeſſion of that town.

(To be continued.)

Account of a Spaniard capable of bearing high Degrees of Heat.

IN the Journal de Phyſique for Meſſidor, Delametherie gives the following account of a Spaniard who ſupports high degrees of heat.

A man from Toledo, in Spain, about 23 years of age, who lately arrived in Paris, has performed different experiments to ſhew that he could ſupport high degrees of heat, without being incommoded. We ſhall give a ſelection from thoſe which were performed in the medical ſchool, before ſeveral of the profeſſors, about 300 ſtudents, and ſeveral other perſons.

He was carefully examined before hand, and nothing was ſeen about him, different from the ordinary ſtate of a man in health.

His pulſe beat from about ſeventy-five to ſeventy-eight times in a minute.

EXPERIMENT I.

A veſſel was brought holding oil, heated to 85° of Reaumur, (above the boiling point of water :) he opened completely his hand, and applied the palm of it ſeveral times to the oil ; afterwards he waſhed his hands in it, and his face, and applied to it the ſoles of his feet. At the end of the experiment the heat of the oil was ſtill from 76° to 78°.

EXPERIMENT II.

A bar of iron from eighteen to twenty inches long, two inches and half broad, and ſix lines thick, was heated to redneſs at one of the ends, and placed on bricks. The Spaniard ſtood with the ſole of one of his feet upon the red part ; the oil which ſtill remained on it was ſet on fire immediately. He ſtood in the ſame manner, with the ſole of the other foot on it, and repeated this ſeveral times.

EXPERIMENT III.

A large iron ſpatula was taken, eighteen inches long ; and the flat part heated to redneſs.

The Spaniard put out his tongue, and laid it on the red part of the ſpatula, repeating the action ſeveral times.

Then three glaſſes of clear water were brought, in the one of which had been put a few drops of ſulphuric acid, in the other a conſiderable quantity of ſea-ſalt, and the third contained only pure water. The Spaniard was made to drink of the three glaſſes, and perfectly diſtinguiſhed the taſte of each.

EXPERIMENT IV.

He took a lighted candle, and moved it ſeveral times on the back part of his leg from the heel to the ham.

He was inſpected after theſe trials.

His ſkin appeared in no reſpect altered.

The ſoles of his feet appeared ſmoked, which ſeemed to be owing to the carbon of the oil ; but his pulſe beat from 130 to 141 times in a minute.

It appears that ſince that time he has put himſelf into a furnace heated up to 70° (183 Fahr.) and remained in it ſome minutes.

The celebrated Blagden, of the royal ſociety of London, ſupported, at London, a degree of heat ſtill greater.

A chamber was heated till Fahrenheit's thermometer ſtood at 260° ; he went into it dreſſed, and remained eight minutes ; towards the end he was oppreſſed. Several other perſons went in after the ſame manner.

His pulſe, on coming out, beat 144 in a minute.

In another experiment he went naked into a chamber heated to 120° Fahren. and remained twelve minutes without being incommoded.

In

In another experiment, the chamber being heated to 250° Fahrenh. he and ſeveral others entered, and remained ſeveral minutes without inconvenience.

Into the ſame apartments were put ſome eggs, and a beef ſteak on a pewter plate; in 20 minutes the eggs were taken out quite hard, and in 47 minutes, the beef-ſteak was not only done, but almoſt dried.

FASHIONS *for* SEPTEMBER.

Promenade Dress.

ROUND dreſs of blue Chambray muſlin. A ſcarf cloak of plain or worked muſlin, with lace let in the back, and trimmed all round with deep lace. Straw hat turned up in front.

Evening Dress.

A round robe of white muſlin, the waiſt very ſhort, with a plain back, the front low with a lace tucker drawn cloſe round the boſom: turban ſleeves.

Varieties of Head-dress.

Turban of blue crape, ornamented with white oſtrich feathers.

Cap of white lace, with a deep lace border, ornamented with a wreath of roſes.

Hat of white chip, the front turned up and lined with lilac; the hat trimmed with green, and ornamented with a green and lilac feather.

A mob cap of white lace, tied under the chin and trimmed with lilac.

Hat of white ſilk, with a full crown, the front turned up and lined with lilac; oſtrich feather in front.

A ſmall round hat turned up on one ſide.

A cloſe bonnet of white muſlin, the ſides and top of the crown trimmed with white lace.

The hair dreſſed in the moſt faſhionable ſtyle, and ornamented with a medallion in front.

The hair dreſſed with a twiſt of ſilver crape.

REFLECTION.

TO accumulate wealth is laudable, when it is honourably acquired, and again diſtributed for the purpoſes of our own credit and comfort, and the promotion of the happineſs of our neighbours and ſociety in general. But the miſer, who hoards merely for the ſake of hoarding, is a truly deſpicable character.

An Extract, in a Note, from Biſhop Porteus's Lectures, being a Declaration of Lord Kenyon's on the Trial of Williams, for publiſhing Paine's Age of Reaſon.

I Am (ſaid Lord Kenyon) fully impreſſed with the great truths of religion, which, thank God! I was taught, in my early years, to believe, and which the hour of reflection and enquiry, inſtead of creating any doubt, has fully confirmed me in.

How vain (obſerves Biſhop Porteus) are all the idle cavils of the whole tribe of infidels put together, when contraſted with ſuch a declaration as this from ſuch a great and good man as Lord Kenyon.

ACCOUNT *of* PIERRE DAMLOW, *a Dwarf.*

THIS perſon is a ſon of a Coſſack of Lubin. His father and mother, brothers and ſiſters, are of the common ſtature; but he, though thirty-three years old, is only about twenty-nine inches Engliſh meaſure. This dwarf has no arms; his ſhoulders terminate in ſmall fleſhy ſtumps. His head is ſo cloſely joined to his ſhoulders, that it is difficult to put a finger between them; yet his figure is rather agreeable. He wears large whiſkers, which reach almoſt to his ears.

He is not deficient in underſtanding, judgment, or memory. He has no joints in his knees, the leg and thigh bones being continued in one piece to his heels; his legs, which have ſcarcely any calves, bear no proportion to his body, which has a manly appearance. He has four toes on each foot; all of them are bent back, and two are moveable. He walks very quick; but if he happens to fall, as he has no joints at his knees, he cannot riſe again. He writes very expeditiouſly with his left foot, and his writing is very legible either in Ruſſian or Latin.

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, Teacher of Mathematics, St. Auſtle, to Simon Stow's Queſtion, inſerted June 27.

PUT $a=8368$, and $b=1460$ (not 235,680 as printed); then from the firſt equation we have $x^3+x^2=a-y^3+xy$; whence, proper ſubſtitutions being made in the ſecond given equation, there ariſes an adfected equation, that being ſolved, x and y will be found to be $=20$, and 2, reſpectively: So that Mr. Stow is 20 years and 2 months old.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot.

Anſwer, by J. Adey, of Seldown, to T. Bullock's Rebus, inſerted July 25.

IN ſympathy for thoſe we once held dear,
'Tis pleaſing oft to ſhed ſoft pity's TEAR.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. C. of Kingſbridge; John Squance, T. Whicker, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; T. Rutger, of Clowance; John Adey, J. B. Bloomfield, and J. Lewis, of Poole; and S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot.

Anſwer, by R. Bartlett, of Lopen, near South Petherton, to J. Lewis's Rebus, inſerted July 25.

AN OPAL is the gem you mean,
In palaces it may be ſeen.

*** We have received ſimilar anſwers from J. Rouſell, of Lopen; Thomas Adey, and J. B. Bloomfield, of Poole; William Row, of Wellington; R. Holwell, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; T. Rutger, of Clowance, and S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot.

A REBUS, *by J. Tanner, of Bradninch.*

A Laborious inſect which you know full well;
The ſmalleſt Engliſh county next pray tell;
A foreign beaſt, the ſwifteſt of the kind;
Then a domeſtic creature bring to mind;
And next a month, my friends, muſt be reveal'd;
Then water, which in winter is congeal'd;
A quarter of the wind you next muſt ſhow,
Which, when depriv'd of ſun, abounds with ſnow;
A name which many officers do bear;
An uſeful article, which moſt men wear:
The initials, join'd with care, will ſoon be ſeen,
An ancient town in Devon where I've been.

A CHARADE, *by S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot.*

MY firſt's doth oft-times pleaſe the fair,
Which is of uſe in winter time;
Above your heads my next appears;
Its pleaſing e'en in diſtant clime;
From pole to pole my whole is ſeen;
With eaſe you'll tell what here I mean.

A REBUS, *by J. Lewis, of Poole.*

MY firſt is oft-times worn in war,
When victory is gain'd;
My ſecond is more pleaſing far,
When peace it is obtain'd;
And may my third, throughout this land,
In every boſom dwell;
And for my laſt I do command
A vowel you will tell.
The initials join, they will declare,
What oft doth cauſe joy, hope, and fear.

POETRY.

NEW SONG.

TUNE,—"The wat'ry God".

WHILE muſing on the days of yore,
When glorious Beſs the ſceptre bore,
The terror of her foes:
At once to my aſtoniſh'd ſight,
Encircled by a gleam of light,
Her form majeſtic roſe.

"From realms of bliſs I come," ſhe cried,
"To rouſe my Britons zeal and pride,
"To animate the brave,
"To nerve each arm in Britain's
"cauſe,
"Her crown, her altars, and her laws,
"From plunderers to ſave.

"Remember how, by Edward led,
"Your fathers fought, nor vainly bled
"On Creſſy's hoſtile plain,
"Remember that auſpicious day,
"When your fifth Harry cut his way,
"Thro' heaps of Frenchmen ſlain.

"Remember too the armament,
"By Phillip's impious folly ſent,
"My throne to overthrow:
"When Heaven (who guards this
"favour'd land)
"Join'd every heart, and every hand,
"To lay the boaſter low.

"Nor Churchill's gallant deeds for-
"get,
"When Gallic pride from Britons
"met
"A check to juſtly due.
"By all the tears Britannia ſhed,
"When Wolfe's immortal ſpirit fled,
"Your country calls on you.

"By every hero known to fame,
"By Abercromby's honour'd name,
"By all your triumphs paſt,
"Like your own lion forward ruſh,
"At once the hated monſter cruſh,
"Who would your laurels blaſt.

"By every tie to manhood dear,
"By all you hope, and all you fear,
"Ye ſons of freedom fly,
"Let each before the altar kneel,
"And ſwear on his avenging ſteel,
"TO CONQUER OR TO DIE."

E. D. T.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

TO A VIOLET.

LOVELY, little, pleaſing flower,
Pride of every rural bower;
Early harbinger of May,
Simple, innocent, and gay;
Sure companion of the dell,
In whoſe boſom calm you dwell;
There you breathe your ſweet perfume,
And diſplay your vernal bloom.

When the roſy bluſhing morn,
Clear illumes the verdant lawn;
And the linnets on the ſpray
Hail with joy the opening day,
Pleas'd I view thy pretty head,
Peeping from thy lowly bed,
While the pearly dew-drops ſhine,
On thy little form divine.

Come thou ſweet by nature dreſs'd,
Come and revel in my breaſt;
Where no wintry blaſt, or ſtorm,
Shall thy tender boſom harm,
Or to Laura's boſom hie,
Where thy ſiſter beauties lie,
Happy violet ſhould I be
If I there could rival thee.

London. J. PASCAL.

The SWISS EMIGRANT.

FAREWELL, farewell, my native land,
A long farewell to life and thee!
On thy laſt rock I lingering ſtand,
Thy laſt rude rock how dear to me!

Once more I view thy vallies fair,
But dimly view, with tearful eye;
Once more I breathe thy healthful air,
But breathe it in how deep a ſigh!

Ye vales with downy verdure ſpread,
Ye groves that drink the ſparkling ſtream,
As burſting from the mountain's head
Its foaming waves in ſilver gleam;

Ye lakes that catch the golden beam
That floods with fire yon peak of ſnow,
As evening vapours bluely ſteam
And ſtilly roll their volumes flow;

Scene,

Scenes, on this burſting heart impreſs'd
By ev'ry thrill of joy, of woe;
The bliſs of childhood's vacant breaſt,
Of warmer youth's impaſſion'd glow;

The tears by filial duty ſhed
Upon the low, the peaceful tomb;
Where ſleep, too bleſt, the rev'rend dead,
Unconſcious of their country's doom.

Say! can Helvetia's patriot child,
A wretched exile, bear to roam,
Nor ſink upon the lonely wild,
Nor die to leave his native home?

His native home!—no home has he—
He ſcorns in ſervile yoke to bow,
He ſcorns the land no longer free,
Alas—he has no country now!

Ye ſnow-clad Alps whoſe mighty mound,
Great nature's adamantine wall,
In vain oppos'd your awful bound
To check the prone-deſcending Gaul;

What hunter now with daring leaps
Shall chaſe the ibex o'er your rocks?
Who clothe with vines your craggy ſteeps,
Who guard from wolves your rambling flocks?

While low the free-born ſons of toil
Lie ſunk amid the ſlaughter'd brave,
To freedom true, the ſtubborn ſoil
Shall pine, and ſtarve the puny ſlave.

Spoilers, who pour'd your rav'ning bands
To gorge on Latium's fertile plains,
And fill'd your gold-rapacious hands
From regal domes and ſculptur'd fanes,

What ſeek ye here? Our niggard earth,
Nor gold, nor ſculptur'd trophies owns;
Our wealth was peace, and guileleſs mirth,
Our trophies are our tyrant's bones!

Burſt not my heart, as dimly ſwell
Morat's proud glories on my view;
Heroic ſcenes a long farewell,
I fly from madneſs and from you!

Beyond the dread Atlantic deep,
One gleam of comfort ſhines for me;
There ſhall theſe bones untroubled ſleep,
And preſs the earth of liberty.

Wide, wide, that waſte of waters rolls,
And ſadly ſmiles that diſtant land,
Yet there I hail congenial ſouls,
And freemen give the brother's hand.

Columbia hear the exile's prayer!
To him thy foſtering love impart,
So ſhall he watch with patriot care,
So guard thee with a filial heart.

Yet O! forgive, with anguiſh fraught,
If ſometimes ſtart th' unbidden tear,
As tyrant memory wakes the thought,
"Still, ſtill, I am a ſtranger here!"

Thou vanquiſh'd land, once proud and free,
Where firſt this fleeting breath I drew;
This heart muſt ever beat for thee,
In abſence near—in miſery true!

On TIME.

TIME may ambition's neſt deſtroy,
Tho' on a rock 'tis perch'd ſo high;
May find dull av'rice in his cave,
And drag to light the ſordid ſlave;
But from affection's temper'd chain
To free the heart he ſtrives in vain.

The ſculptur'd urn, the marble buſt,
By time are crumbled with the duſt;
But tender thoughts the muſe has twin'd
For love, for friendſhip's brow deſign'd;
Shall ſtill endure, ſhall ſtill delight,
Till time is loſt in endleſs night.

IMITATED *from* HORACE.

CEASE to braid your labour'd poſies;
Ceaſe to pluck the ling'ring roſes;
Garlands wove with ſtudied care
Shall not deck yous poet's hair;
Nor ſhall ſilken veſts confine
Limbs ſo ſportive, free as mine:
Thus while ſtretch'd at eaſe alone
I indulge in frolic ſong;
While beneath the mantling vine
Bacchus' feſtive joys are mine;
Gather from the myrtle boughs
Chaplets to adorn my brows;
Nature's beſt boon decks the tree,
Elegant SIMPLICITY.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies a bachelor, whoſe life,
Was ſtain'd with vice, and ſour'd with ſtrife.